

and it shines
in golden hues
as the midday
light reflects
from
unpredictable

She walks in front
of him with a
rucksack on her back.

undulations of
the sea surface.

A path by the water
is covered by small
stones and red earth.

His legs are dusty.

He feels strong. He feels as if he was young again.

There are no other
people, one can hear
only cicadas, somewhat
stronger waves that
reach the shore and
steps.

TRRR TRRR
TRRR

They walk in silence.

Going towards
the place
where they
swimmed
yesterday.

It is nice there.



A piece of flat stone surrounded by
high and unreachable rocky shore.
It is their place. She will finish
reading that strange book today.
He will just lay and watch the sea.
Just listen.



She turns back. Laughing.



You know
what I just
thought of?
All these
synthetic
odors...

... and scientific breakthroughs
in the electrostimulation of
the brain, and none of that
is like ...

It is nowhere close to
this smell of pine.

Can you feel it?

He smells the air. Really, one can feel a healthy and sharp
smell of pine.

Where does it come from?

You're right.
It is beautiful.
I wonder where
the source of
that smell is.

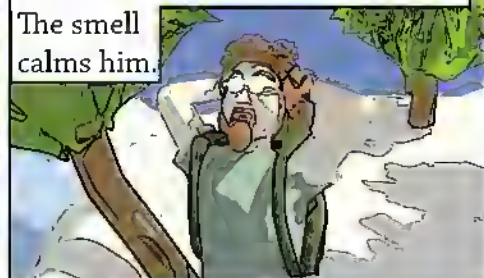
They walk farther. She stops every once in a while, bends her neck backwards



inhales deeply and says



He also inhales deeply. Every time he feels more and more content. The smell calms him.



Close to the place where the path rapidly turns he notices a huge old pine.

He stops. Touches it.



Finds a soft and transparent lump at one place. Resin.

Tears it off and smells it. That is the source of smell.



Carefully packs it in a wooden box and puts it in the rucksack.

As they walk farther, he notices more of them. He picks up a few more.



We will save this for the city.

We will save these moments in a wooden box and each time we smell it we'll remember them.

We'll remember the place where we were truly alive.



She laughs. Likes the idea. A piece of heaven for the journey home.